

PSYCHIATRISTS AGREE, MILLIONS READ...

50¢

SICK



AUGUST 1977

CDC 00159

features FEATURED...

TV's PARETTA

TV's LAVOINE & SHOILEY

TV's BLARNEY MELLOW

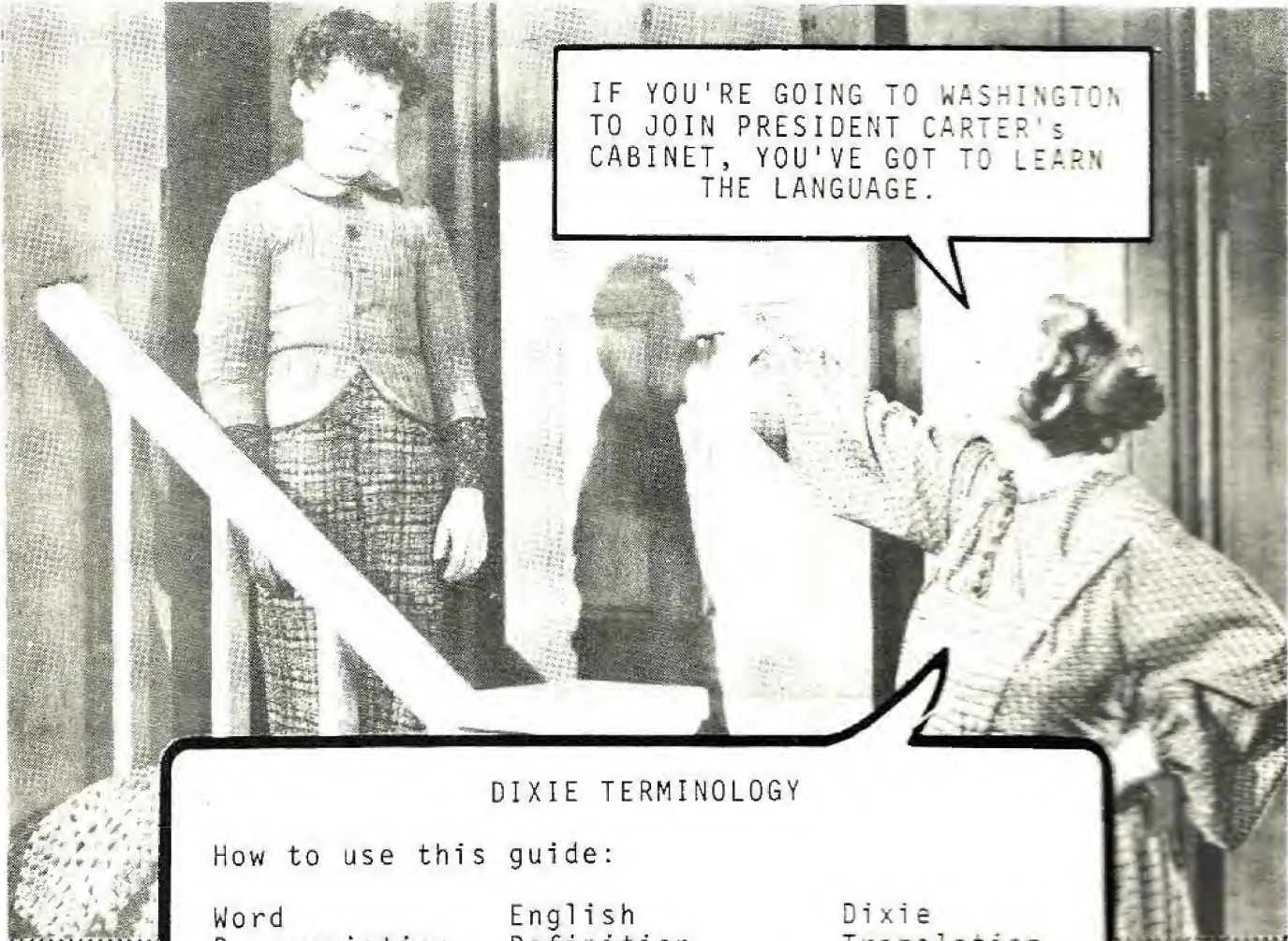
MOVIES

THE ENPHOOEYGER

THE STAR'S A BORE



AS A PUBLIC SERVICE Sick OFFERS A LANGUAGE GUIDE TO THE NEW WASHINGTON D.C.



IF YOU'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON
TO JOIN PRESIDENT CARTER'S
CABINET, YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN
THE LANGUAGE.

DIXIE TERMINOLOGY

How to use this guide:

| Word Pronunciation | English Definition | Dixie Translation |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|----------------------|
| Ah | An expression of surprise | I |
| Cheer | To shout approval | Chair |
| Far | A great dis- tance | Fire |
| Flares | Glares, un- steady lights | Flowers |
| Fur | Soft hair of animals | Far |
| Gull | A sea bird | Girl |
| Idinit | No English translation | Is it not |
| Moaning | To utter a sad sound | Morning |
| Nome | A city in Alaska | No ma'am |

MICHAEL BOOTH writer

SICK

Publisher JOHN SANTANGELO, JR.
Executive Art Editor JOHN COFRANCESCO, JR.
Editor JACK SPARLING
Art Director JACK SPARLING, JR.

Writers ... Michael Booth, Arnold Drake, George Kashdan, Dave Manak, Joe Gill & Jack Sparling

Artists ... Dave Manak, Bill Burke, Dek, Alan Kupperberg & Sparling

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Sick Scrawls

Dear Sick Editor:

It worked! I convinced the prison shrink that I was a devoted reader of your magazine and they committed me to the rubber room ranks and it's only a small matter of time and another desperate criminal will be on the streets, thanks to sick.

Thankfully yours,
478367429105634.

Thank you for the accolade and I recognize your number from a former White House staff.

The Editor



Dear Editor:

Whoever the hell you are. Sick has had more editors — than the Gabors have had husbands.

Sincerely,
Confused

And almost as many publishers!

*The Editor...
(this week)*

Dear Sick:

You won't believe this but I just caught my congressman reading your magazine. He was laughing so hard I nearly fell off his knee.

Congressman WOW's Secretary

Dear Secretary:

We find both actions plausible.

The Editor

Sick:

Is there anything, anything in the world I can say about your magazine that hasn't been said before?

At a loss for words.

Dear At a loss for words:
Try compliments!

Editor

Sickies:

Whenever I feel rotten, depressed, ickie, prostrate, dumb or despondent I rush out and buy your magazine just to keep the mood.

Depressed

Dear Depressed:

Have you met, "At a Loss for words"?

The Editor

GEORGE KASHDAN
WROTE SLOCKY
LAST ISSUE.

Dear Sick:

So Sick has Finally taken an Issue and dealt with it. It makes me proud to see one of these - Humor Magazines - say something. Boy! That's really something! Now don't you feel like you've really done something?

Always,
Something Else

Hmmmm, What in hell did you say?

The Editor



Sick Editors:

That saultation is sort of a complete letter in itself. However I would complain further. That Sick mascot, or figure-head or whatever Huckleberry Fink is supposed to be. I'm glad you're having his face lifted. I'd probably still be married if I'd have thought of that one. . . I divorced a clown that looked exactly like that.

Yours,
Nellie Bly

Nelly, you've got taste...

The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

I liked the contents of the book and the front and back color covers. How much do you pay for a letter like this that extolls you so exuberantly?

Looking for a fast fin.

Dear Looking:

We can't ask for more than you keep looking!

The Editor

Dear Sick:

Anyome who writes to your magazine should have his head examined.

...Exasperated!

Dear Exasperated:

It is not a requirement, but a noble suggestion.

The Editor

Dear Sick:

I sometime can't find your magazine on the stands should I subscribe? That way I'd be sure to get my copy. Right?

Hopeful

Dear Hopeful:

You've got to be a plant! ... However remember our imperishable Slogan, "Get SICK now PAIN later".

Thanks Ma.

GET
SICK
NOW
PAIN
LATER!

Dear Sick:

Our group liked what you done on the TV's. We hope dis is not just a one shot idea. Dat Boob Tube gives one such a headache every nite, you know what I mean? crime, sex and violence. Crime, sex and violence den we toin on da set.

Excuse the very small joke, but television does pull one away from the books. I'll never finish my theses on THE INEVITABILITY OF GRADUALNESS.

Inevitably yours

Dear Inevitably:

You just did!

The Editor

SICK! SICK! SICK\$

BOY YOU PEOPLE ARE REALLY FROM THE RUBBER ROOMS. IT'S A WONDER YOUR BOOK DOESN'T COME OUT DRAWN WITH CRAYON. THEY WON'T ALLOW US TO HAVE ANYTHING SHARP. THE FACT THAT I AGREE WITH WHAT YOU SAY PROVES YOU'RE NUTS TOO.

ONE WHO DIDN'T GET
OVER THE CUCKOO—'S NEST

Dear Cuckoo Nest:

We did!

Editor

Dear Sick:

I seen this beautiful chick reading your magazine on the train and smiling to herself and wonst an awhile laughting out loud and naturally I figure it for a come on.

Just when I'm about to make my move she ups and leaves the train. So I buys your Sick magazine and she was laughtin' at youse not me.

Now I don't know rather to be mad at you or her. ...?

Afronted

Dear Afronted:

Her ... buy us!

The Editor

Dear editor:

Why don't you lay off the Tv and do a take-off on the funniest show in the world, the congress?

Sincerely,

Patriotic

Dear Patriotic:

The Plot is thin ... Take from the poor and give to the rich ... It's been done to death ... It's four hundred fifty characters in search of character.

The Editor

Editor of Sick:

Did Amy Carter ask for that cute cover of your latest issue?

Curious

Dear Curious:

We're curious too.

The Editor



Dear Editor:

What a great idea! that saving those back covers of your magazine. I was telling my sister Martha we could paste them on that old folding screen we have of the 1933 world's fair and liven up the place, don't you think.

Martha's sister

Dear Martha's sister:

Martha, you listen to your sister.

The Editor

There was once a time when a TV detec-
couldn't make it in the ratings unless
he was clever and suave. But not any-
more! Nowadays, a gumshoe won't last a
season on the boob tube unless he sur-
rounds himself with bums, winoes and
addicts of skid row, and he himself is
as crude and stupid as a cop named....

PARETTA



Oooh..Help...
I'm still
a verg....!

Deflower
you? I
just wan-
na wape
you!

Why didn't you
say that in
the first place?

GEORGE KASHDAN writer

JACK SPARLING artist

Are you gonna
beat me ?
Shoot me?
Cut me to rib-
bons?

Not
if
ya
give!

Too
bad!

Why?

That's
what
turns
me
on!

Okay,
Buster,
I'm the
heat!

Detect-
tive
phony
Paretti!

Right
on!





Look who I pinched Boss! Mack the Clipper!

Nice work, Parettal! What's the charge? Molestation? Rape?

Bad breath!



We got problems, Parettal! The notorious bootlegger, Clucky Hoochiano, is back in business!

What's he smuggin' these days? Pot? Speed? Acid?

Phoney pet rocks!



Meanwhile, in the hideout of clucky Hoochiano..

The only cop that stands in my way is Phony Parettal! I can't figure it.. What makes him so clever?

Accordin' to our spies, Clucky, Parettal is the only cop that ever graduated from Harvard!

Look closer, dummy! that's the Harvard Haven for retarded Boys!



Forget about Parettal! I wanna know who's the brain behind him!

And when we find the brain, -BANGO Right?

Wrong! We hire him at twice what Parettal pays him!



Move youah butts! We ain't got all Day!

Who are these Johns, Goose-ter?

The mayor's committee on Morality!

And give it youah all..... they's important Johns waitin inside!



Gooseter my man, my main, main man are there any new rumors?

Paretta-my honky soul brother.. I heah tell they's a contrack out on you!

Who put it out?

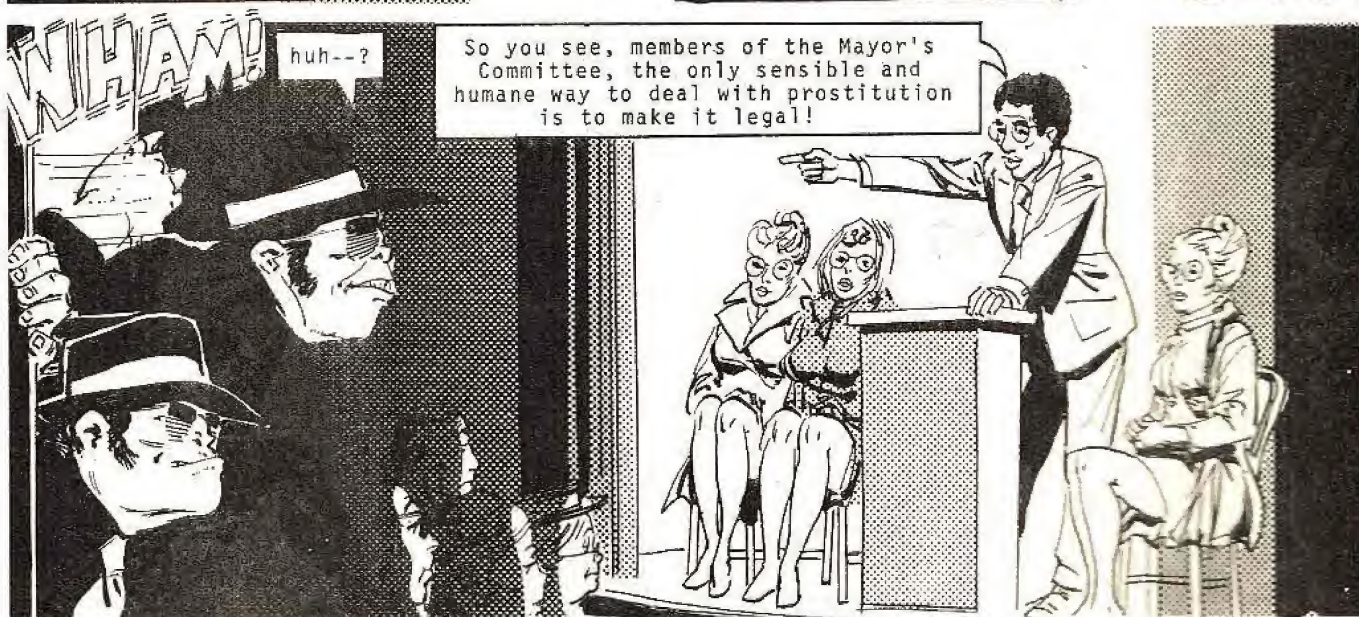
The sponsor the ratings are slipping!



Goose-ter the pimp, will know who Paretta's secret brain is, or we'll run him out of business!

How? With a petition to wipe out prostitution?

No... to legalize it!



WHAM!

huh--?

So you see, members of the Mayor's Committee, the only sensible and humane way to deal with prostitution is to make it legal!



What're you tryin' to pull?

Sir, I happen to be worcester Gorcester* Professor of Social Work, Barnyard College!

And we Barnyarders are his urban research seminar!



A college Prof? Then YOU must be Paretta's secret Brain!

Oh contrair! contrair! I speak on... "How legalized prostitution empties the pockets of organized crime and lines the pockets of politicians!"

*Pronounced "Wooster Gooseter"



What are you pondering, Phoney?

My talk to the girls club, Dilly!

What's the Subject?

The evils (urp) of Boozie!



Phoney what's keepin' you?

Shcushe me, Dilly.. duty calls!

What about the girls club?

Thass them... the meetin's in my room!



Not a sound Dilly!

What do you guys want?

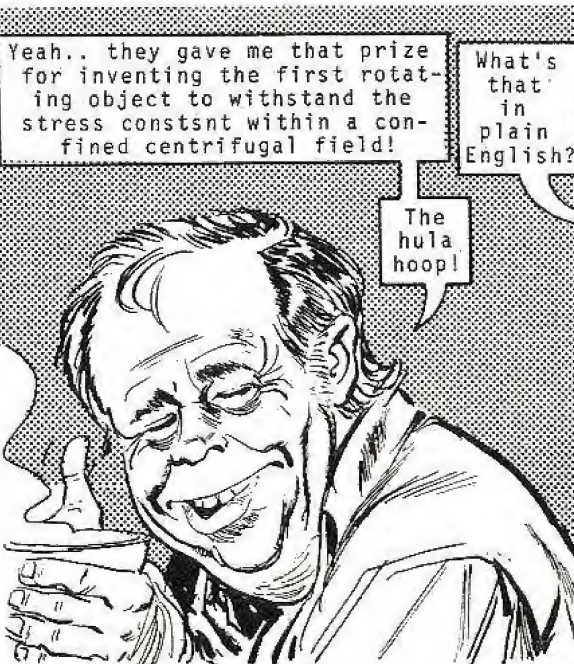
Information... or we'll blow your brains out!

You're too late! I drowned the brain years ago! (urp)



If you won't help us, we'll help ourselves!

Hey! Look what this says! Nobel prize awarded to Dr. Dilleleigh Shilleleigh*!

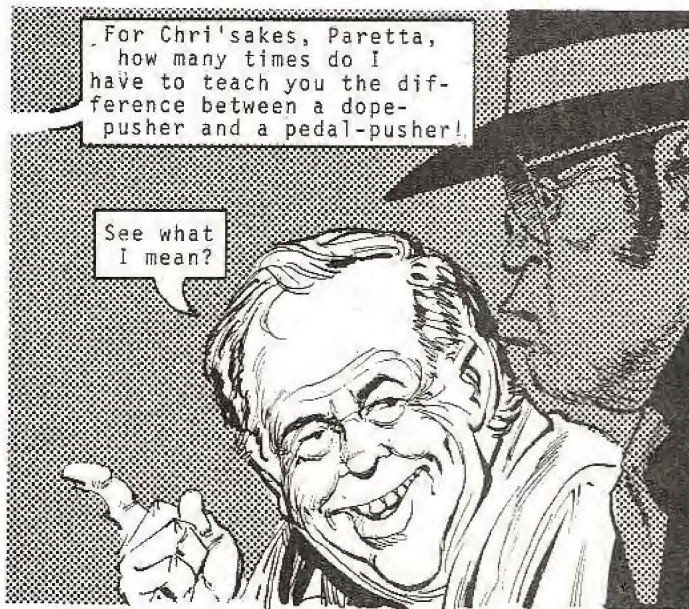


Yeah.. they gave me that prize for inventing the first rotating object to withstand the stress constnt within a confined centrifugal field!

What's that in plain English?

The hula hoop!

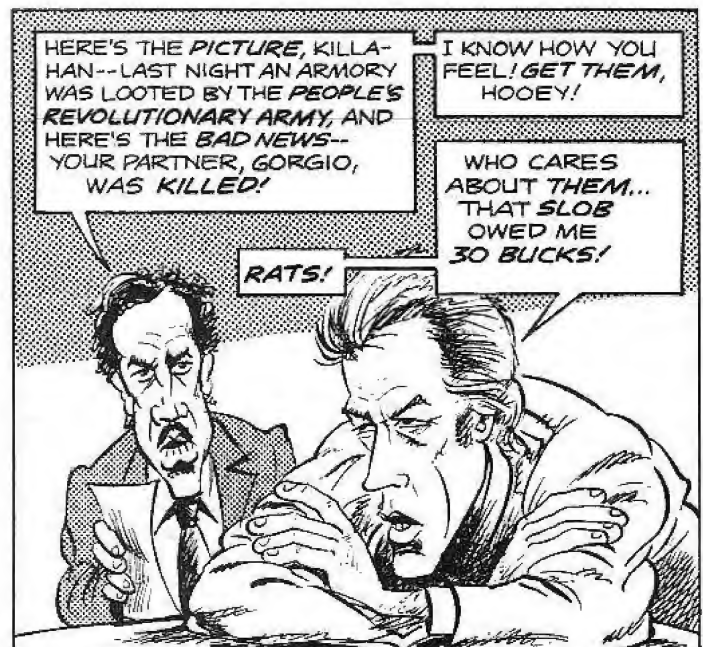
* Pronounced "Dilly Shilly"



HI, ALL YOU RED-BLOODED, BLOOD AND GUTS AMERICAN MOVIEGOERS! SOME FILM CRITICS PROCLAIM THERE IS FAR TOO MUCH VIOLENCE IN TODAY'S MOVIES...THEY SAY THE INFLUENCE OF THESE FILMS IS DIRECTLY RELATED TO THE INCREASE OF CRIME ON OUR STREETS. ACTUALLY, THE INCREASE IN MUGGING, RAPE, AND KILLING IS TAKING PLACE *IN THE THEATERS* DURING THE SHOWING OF THESE FLICKS! SO HERE'S OUR VERSION OF THE FILM INDUSTRY'S LATEST EFFORT TO BRING US WHAT WE WANT...

THE ENPHOOEY CER

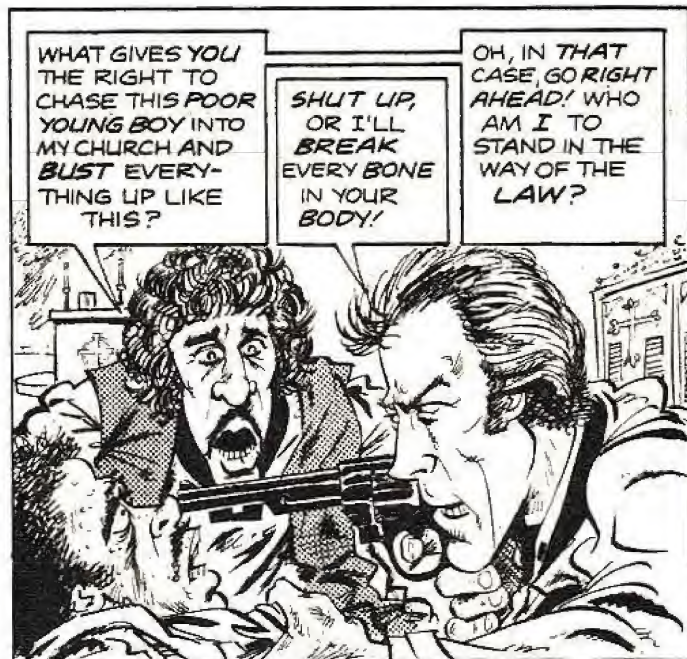
WRITTEN &
DRAWN BY
DAVID MANAK





BBNNZ-
ZZZZ
SLURP
PLOP







WATCH IT! I THINK THAT'S HOOEY KILLAHAN, THE COP!

YOU KIDDING! HE WENT THROUGH HERE TEN MINUTES AGO, DRESSED AS AN EAGER BUT NAIVE BASEBALL FAN!

THEN WHO'S THAT?

THE MAYOR'S SON, STANLEY!



HOLD IT! YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT WINDEX! SHE GOT CONVERTED AND TOOK OFF FOR SOME CHURCH DOWNTOWN!

HOW COME YOU'RE SO COOPERATIVE?

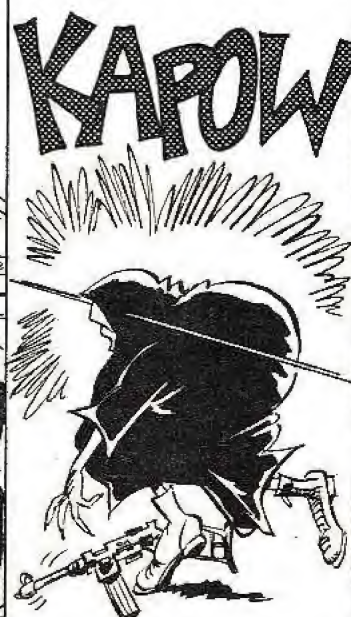
IF I WASN'T, YOU'D KICK OUT ALL MY TEETH AND STICK MY HEAD IN THAT TOILET AND FLUSH IT!

THAT NEVER CROSSED MY MIND! BUT, SINCE YOU'VE SUGGESTED IT...



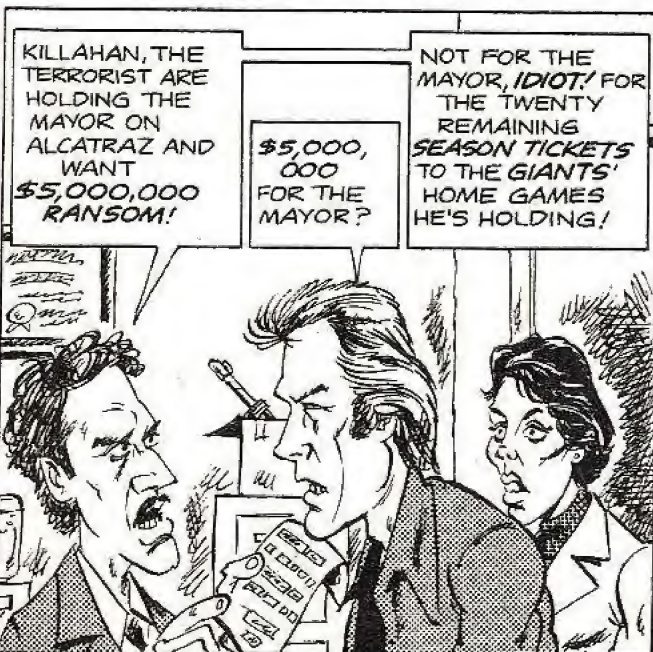
ALL RIGHT, HOLY ROLLER, TELL ME WHERE THE TERRORISTS ARE HID...

HOOEY! LOOK OUT!



WHY ARE YOU SO SHAKEN UP, BAIT... BECAUSE YOU KILLED A NUN?

NO, BECAUSE I'M KILLING ANY CHANCE OF GETTING ANOTHER ACTING JOB, BECAUSE OF THIS AMATEURISH DISPLAY OF EMOTION!



KILLAHAN, THE TERRORIST ARE HOLDING THE MAYOR ON ALCATRAZ AND WANT \$5,000,000 RANSOM!

\$5,000,000 FOR THE MAYOR?

NOT FOR THE MAYOR, IDIOT! FOR THE TWENTY REMAINING SEASON TICKETS TO THE GIANTS' HOME GAMES HE'S HOLDING!



LISTEN, KILLAHAN, MORON...

GET A BOAT...

GO OUT TO ALCATRAZ...

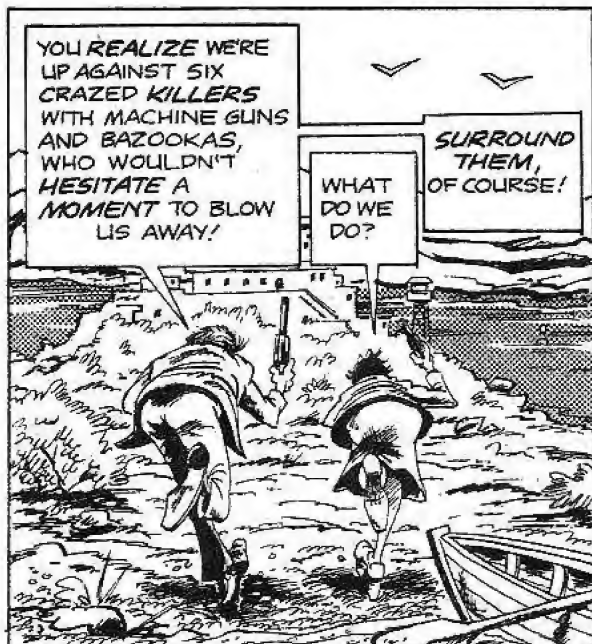
AND GET THOSE TICKETS!

YES...

YES, YES...

YES, YES, YES...

LET'S GO!



BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



YOU'VE SEEN THEM ON TV, ALL THOSE COMMERCIALS FOR "THE HOTTEST HITS OF LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN" AND "THE COMPLETE GENIUS OF FATS DOMINO" BARGAIN-COUNTER CULTURE. WELL, AS USUAL, SICK HAS GONE ONE STEP TOO FAR! AND THIS TIME WE BRING YOU THESE ULTIMATE OFFERS!

EVERY RECORD EVER MADE FOR \$6.95!

HI-DEE HO-DEE, EVERYBODY! I'M RUDDY VARLET. YOU MAY BE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER ME! YOUR GREAT-GRAND-PARENTS MAY BE TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER ME! IN FACT, I'M TOO YOUNG TO REMEMBER ME. BUT I WAS A TOP VOCALIST BACK AT THE DAWN OF RECORDING. THAT'S WHY **VULGAR HOUSE** HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE THIS UNBELIEVABLE OFFER. THAT'S RIGHT, EVERY SINGLE NOTE, WORD AND SOUND EVER RECORDED BY ANYBODY ANYWHERE CAN NOW BE YOURS! HERE ARE SOME OF THE GOODIES YOU WILL BE GETTING!

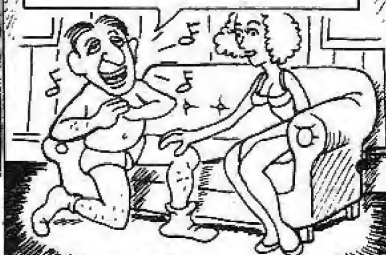
THE VERY FIRST WORDS EVER RECORDED BY THOMAS ALVAH EDISON, INVENTOR OF THE PHONOGRAPH. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THESE WERE NOT, "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB..." ACTUALLY, THEY WERE...

AND MORE! EVERY RECORDING OF ENRICO CARUSO, THE GREAT OPERA TENOR, INCLUDING ONE MADE BY ENRICO'S WIFE WITHOUT HIS KNOWLEDGE. ALSO, WITHOUT HIS GIRLFRIEND'S KNOWLEDGE, THIS PRICELESS MOMENT INCLUDES THE GREAT ARIA...

HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY GET MY HEAD OUT OF THIS BLASTED HORN!



MY-A WIFE-A, SHE'S A NO UNDERSTAND-A ME-A!



EVERY RECORD BY FRANK SINATRA, INCLUDING DOZENS RUINED BY HICCUPS, BURPS AND NAUGHTY WORDS. ALSO, SEVERAL RECORDS OF PHOTOGRAPHERS BEING PUNCHED PIANO PLAYERS BEING INSULTED AND FIRED AND A CROOKED VICE PRESIDENT BEING TOASTED.



HERE'S TO THE SHADIES, ALL MY LOVE TO THE SHADIES. I PRAY MAY THEY NEVER GO STRAIGHT!



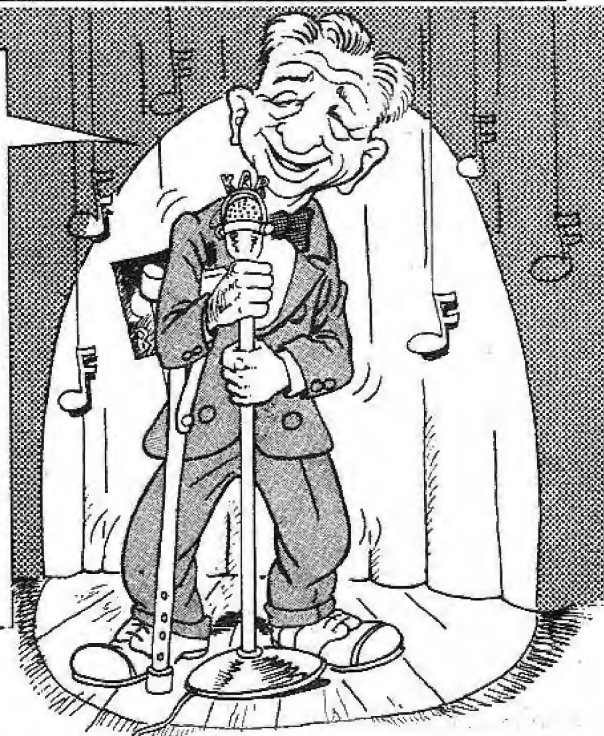
AND THAT'S NOT ALL! YOU'LL GET SUCH FABULOUS RECORDED SOUND AS...THE DEATH RATTLE OF DR. KILDARE'S FIRST PATIENT! THE ACTUAL CRACKLES OF SNEAKY SMOKEY BEAR STARTING A FOREST FIRE! THE SOUND OF MARY TYLER MOORE...MISS CLEAN... ENTERING A BATHROOM (THOUGH NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN HER DO IT!)

AND LOTS MORE!

AND IF YOU SEND IN RIGHT NOW, BEFORE THE TIME LIMIT (WHICH IS THE CLOSE OF THIS CENTURY) WE WILL SEND YOU, ABSOLUTELY FREE, THE COMPLETE WATERGATE RECORDINGS, INCLUDING THE FABULOUS EIGHTEEN MINUTES OF SILENCE RE-RECORDED EXCLUSIVELY FOR VULGAR HOUSE BY ROSEMARY WOOD'S RIGHT KNEE!

IS THAT NOT FABULOUS? SO FOLKS, THIS IS YOUR OLD, OLD, OLD, PAL, RUDDY VARLET SAYING... (CHOKE! GASP! MOAN!)

SOMEBODY CALL A DOCTOR!



ARNOLD DRAKE writer

BILL BURKE ARTIST

ANOTHER FIRST FROM VULGAR HOUSE!

NOW, KEEPING UP WITH OUR BARGAIN-COUNTER CULTURE, **VULGAR HOUSE** BRINGS YOU THE GREATEST BOOK CLUB OFFER OF THEM ALL PRESENTED BY A LEADING HOT ROCK OF THE AMERICAN LITERARY SCENE.

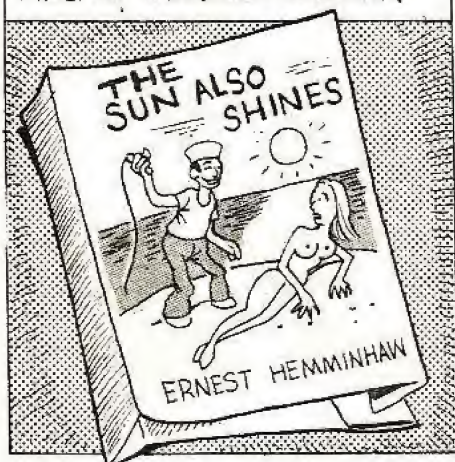


HEWWO, FOLKSIES! I'M MURK TWINE, IV, GWEAT, GWEAT GWANDSON OF THE GWEAT, GWEAT, GWEAT AMERICAN WITER WHO GAVE US SUCH GLANDMARKS OF AMERICAN LIVERATURE AS, HOCKABERRY FLYNN, TOM SOREHEAD AND OTHER GWEAT STUFF. I'M TOO YOUNG TO WEAD...IN FACT, I'M LUCKY I CAN BWEATHE...BUT I'M NOT TOO YOUNG TO APPWECIATE GWAMPA'S WEAL GENIUS...HIS BOOKCOVERS! AND NOW YOU CAN GET HIS...AND EVERYBODY ELSE'S AT WEAL BARGAIN PWICES FROM...

THE BOOKCOVER-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB!

THAT'S WIGHT, FOLKSIES, WHY PUT UP WITH ALL THOSE PAGES AND PAGES OF DULL WORDS WHEN YOU CAN HAVE THE BEST STUFF EWEVY WITER EVER CWEATED! LOOK AT WHAT YOU'LL GET THE VERY FIRST MONTH...

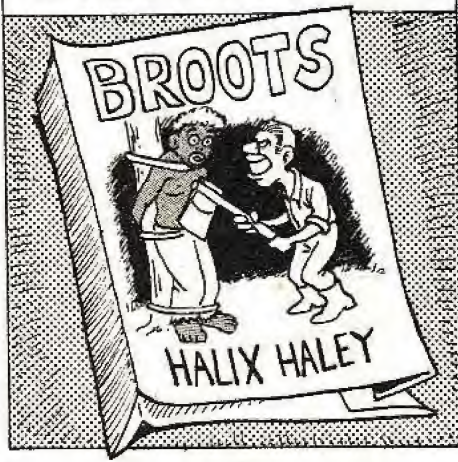
"ERNEST HEMMINHAW'S MASTERPIECE OF MALE SUPWEMACY!"



"WINTERSET MOON'S MASTERPIECE OF MALE SUBMISSIVENESS!"



"HALIX ALEY'S STIRRING SAGA OF BLACK EXPLOITATION!"



"AND THAT JUST PUBLISHED CRY FOR BLACK JUSTICE..."



THAT'S IT, FOLKSIES! **ONLY \$9.95** FOR A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF THE WORLD'S GWEATEST COVERS! AND IF YOU'LL SEND CASH WIGHT NOW...AFTER WE WECOVER FROM THE SHOCK...WE'LL SEND YOU THESE REPRODUCTIONS OF THE MOST FAMOUS FWENCH PICTURES OF THEM ALL, JUST AS THEY ARE SOLD OUTSIDE THE LOUVRE MUSEUM AND IN ALL THE BACK ALLEYS OF PARIS! WEMEMBER, ALL THESE VILE BOOKCOVERS AND DIRTY POSTCARDS CAN BE YOURS NOW...BEFORE THEY'RE OUTLAWED BY SOME JUDGE WHO HAS THE BIGGEST PWIVATE COLLECTION OF PORNOGWAPHY IN THE WORLD!



ANOTHER FIRST FROM VULGAR HOUSE!

AND NOW VULGAR HOUSE PRESENTS...YOUR HIGHWAY TO HIGHER EDUCATION AND LOTS OF MONEY!

WE'RE IN AN AVERAGE AMERICAN HOME...POOR AND SLOPPY!

NOW THAT YOU'RE OUT OF WORK, ALL I CAN SERVE YOU IS COLD LARD AND A BOILED CRACKER BOX!

YOU HAD SUCH A GOOD JOB WHEN WE MARRIED...SUPER-MARKET DELIVERY BOY AT \$28 A WEEK! BUT YOU WERE 14 WHEN WE MARRIED!

IS IT MY FAULT I GOT OLDER AND MONEY GOT WORTHLESS?



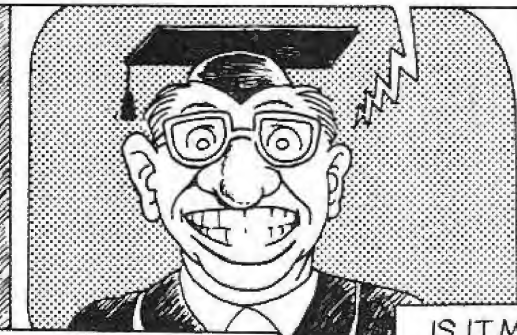
OTHER MEN HAVE GOOD JOBS!

IS IT MY FAULT I HAVEN'T GOT A HIGHER EDUCATION...LIKE THIRD GRADE...SO I CAN BE A DOCTOR, LAWYER OR A RICH PLUMBER?

MEN! ARE YOU LOCKED OUT OF THE GOODIES BECAUSE YOU WERE TOO DUMB TO GRADUATE HIGH SCHOOL.



NO NEED TO SIT AROUND IN DULL CLASSROOMS CRAMMING BORING FACTS AND FORMULAS INTO YOUR THICK HEAD! ASK YOURSELF—



HERB, QUICK, GET READY TO COPY DOWN THIS INFORMATION!

IS IT MY FAULT WE ATE THE PENCIL YESTERDAY?

WHAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU GET AT COLLEGE?

A PRETTY CO-ED?

WHAT WOULD YOU FEED HER, DUMBSKULL?

A DIPLOMA! THAT'S RIGHT! AND NOW YOU CAN CUT OUT ALL THE UN-NECESSARY JUNK AND GET JUST... A DIPLOMA!



ANYONE OF THESE DIPLOMAS CAN BE YOURS TODAY FOR ONLY \$29.95! SO DON'T BE A DUMB BUNNY! BE A WISE OWL! BUY YOUR INSTANT COLLEGE DEGREE AND ROSY FUTURE RIGHT NOW!



**BRAIN SURGEON
SUB-ATOMIC
PHYSICIST
BIO-CHEMIST
ENGINEER
RICH PLUMBER**

THAT DOES IT! I'M GOING TO BE A MAN OF LETTERS!

YOU ALREADY ARE, SWEET-HEART! S.O.B., S.L.O.B., AND D-O-P-E! BUT NOW PHD!

P-H-D?

POOR HUCK-STERED DOPE!



LAVOINE & SHOILEY

MAYHEM IN A MESSAGE PARLOR!!

OH, YOU WANT TO SEE THE FIRST FLOOR APARTMENT THATS FOR RENT?

YES, MY DEAR. I AM DR. WEERD, SPECIALIST IN BODY MANIPULATION AND MOOD ELEVATION! COME TO ME TO FEEL GO O-O-O-OOOD!

GEE, I HOPE YOU LIKE THE APARTMENT. THE LAST TENANT ABOVE US HAD AN ANIMAL ACT. IT WAS TERRIBLE



JOE GILL writer



WAS IT A DOG ACT?

A FLEA CIRCUS!

KINDA COSY AIN'T IT?

HMMM. MY CLIENTS AREN'T PARTICULAR ABOUT THE DECOR.

YEAH, BUT WHAT IF THEY DON'T LIKE THE WALLPAPER?

IN A MESSAGE PARLOR, BABY, THE MOST IMPORTANT REQUIREMENTS ARE...AH... THE MESSAGE TABLE AND THE MASSEUR!

A DAY LATER...

I NEED TWO MORE FOXY CHICKS TO HANDLE THE CUSTOMERS. I THINK I'LL TRY YOU TWO OUT!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

WAIT A MINUTE, LAVOINE! WE JUST GOT LAID OFF AT THE BREWERY.



WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO GET LAID ON IN A MASSAGE PARLOR!

DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU TRY IT, LAVOINE.



OKAY, DR. WEERD. WHEN DO WE START?

THE JOHNS WILL BE ARRIVING ANY MINUTE. YOU'LL FIND YOUR MASSEUR'S UNIFORM IN THERE.



HEY, THESE UNIFORMS AREN'T HALF BAD!



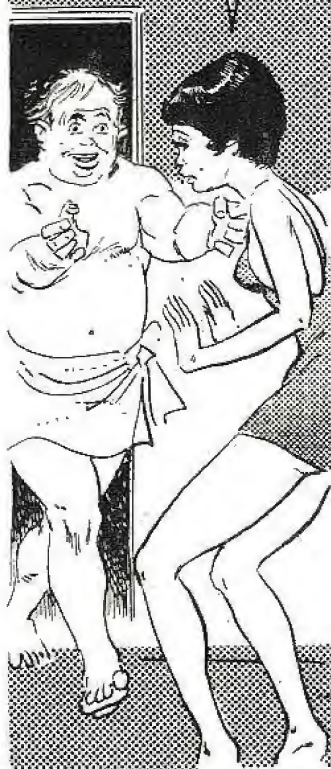
THESE UNIFORMS ARE HALF PERIOD!

LET'S GO YOU FOXY MAMAS... THE ACTION IS COMMENCIN'!



C'MON, WE'RE WASTIN' TIME!

SLOW DOWN, MISTER! I'M NEW AT THIS. I'M FEELIN' MY WAY!



NOW, YOU'RE TALKIN'! WE'LL BOTH FEEL OUR WAY!





AND HOW'S LAVOINE DOING?

I
PICK
YOU!

W-WAIT A
MINUTE!



Wooooo!
Wooooo



THIS GUY REALLY
LIKES MESSAGES!



CAN YOU
FEEL
THIS?

N-NN-NOT S-S-S-S-SO
H-H-HA-HA-HARD!



THIS IS FUN,
SHIRLEY! IT'S
HOW THE JAPA-
NESE GIVE A
MESSAGE!

YEAH, BUT I
THINK THE JAPS
TAKE THEIR
SHOES OFF!

HOW WAS
YOUR
FIRST
CUSTOMER?

HE ACTED REAL
FUNNY, LAVOINE!
HE WANTED TO
MASSAGE ME!



I HAD TO
MASSAGE
HIS EYE
WITH THIS!



HEY, WOW!
KICKSVILLE!
TWO CHICKS
AT ONCE!
DYNAMITE!

COME ON IN,
HANDSOME!

WE'LL GIVE
YOU A
MASSAGE
LIKE YOU
NEVER BEEN
MASSAGED
BEFORE!



ONE...
TWO...

...THREE



I THINK
HE'S DONE,
SHIRL!

YOU FREAKY
FOXES ARE
WRECKIN'
MY
BUSINESS!
YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW
TO GIVE
A MASSAGE!



YOU HEARD
HIM, LAVOINE!
WE DON'T KNOW
HOW TO GIVE
MASSAGES!

WE'LL GIVE
HIM THE
DOUBLE DELUXE
DELIGHT!





SICKIES

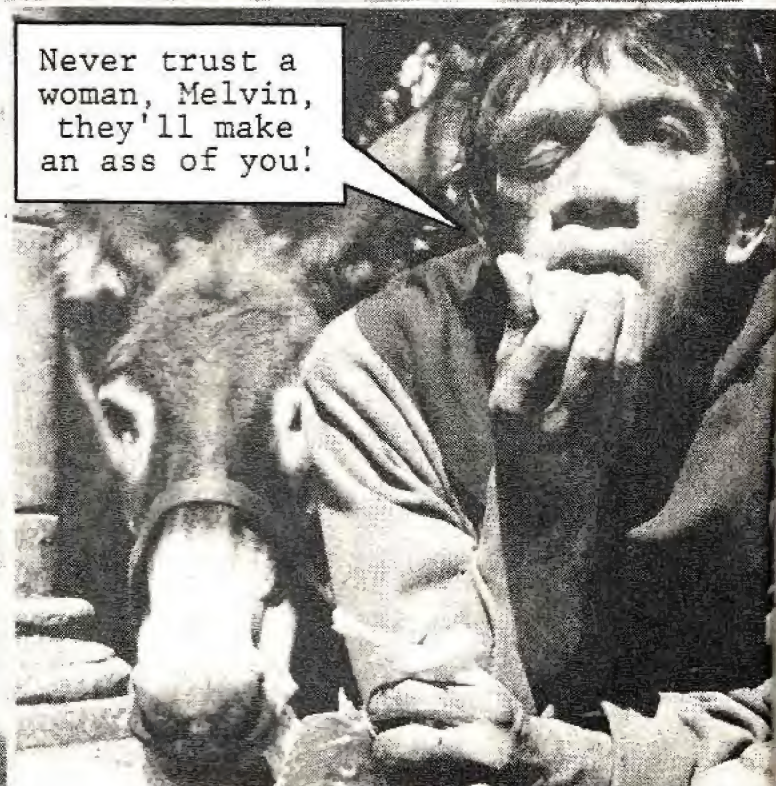
Is this
SICK'S
home
office?

Want a
lift?



Two Tacos
to go!

Never trust a
woman, Melvin,
they'll make
an ass of you!



JACK SPARLING writer



May I have
the next dance!



Sex isn't
everything!



Got it with a
subscription
to SICK!



Okay, who flies
his kite first?



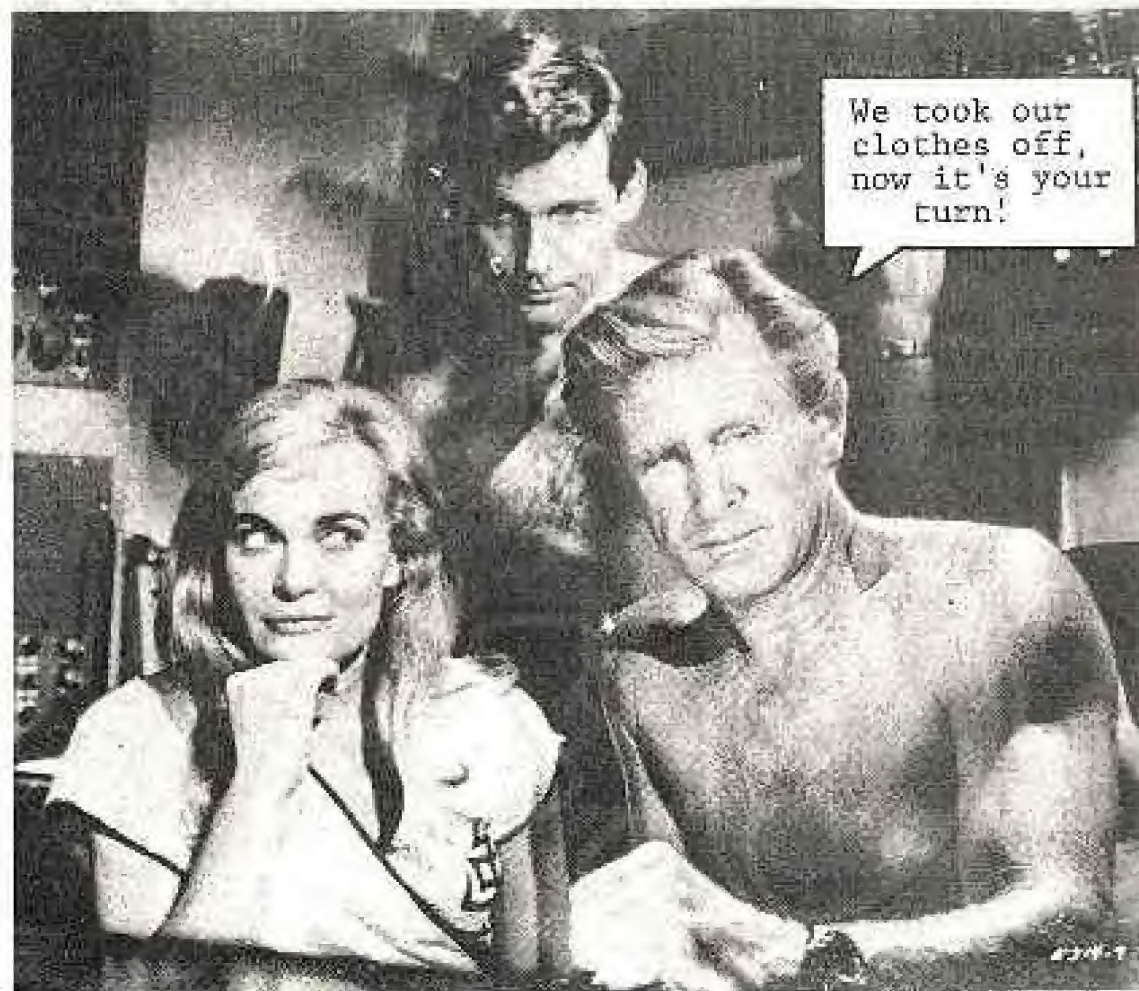
The basement
is flooded!



Is this the
Way to
San Jose?



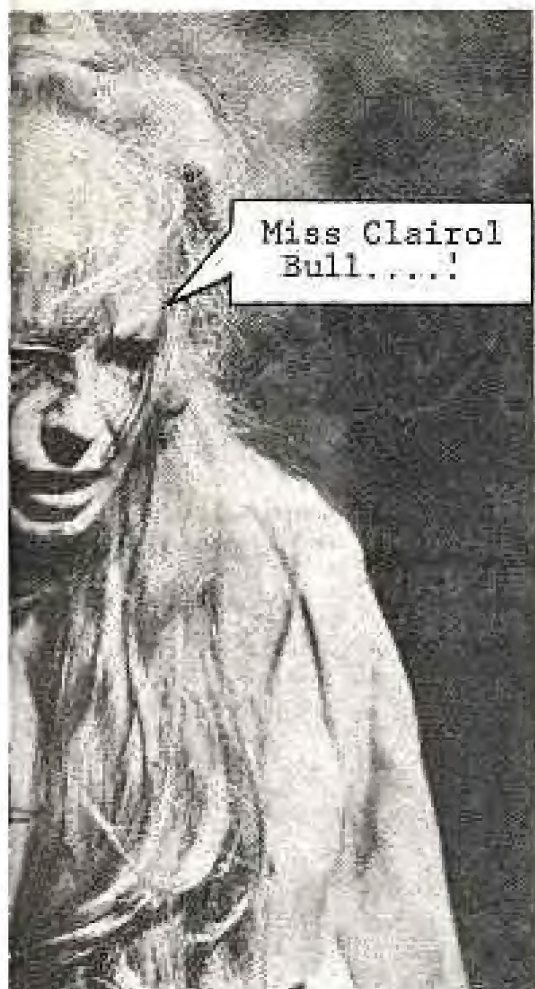
She's what I
got for just
whistling!



We took our
clothes off,
now it's your
turn!



All right! All
ready, I'll get
you new bandages



Miss Clairol
Bull.....!



They'll never
recognize you,
Columbo!



Mirror, mirror on
the wall who is
the fairest one
of all... Oh my
God!



Okay, Boys,
one at a
time!



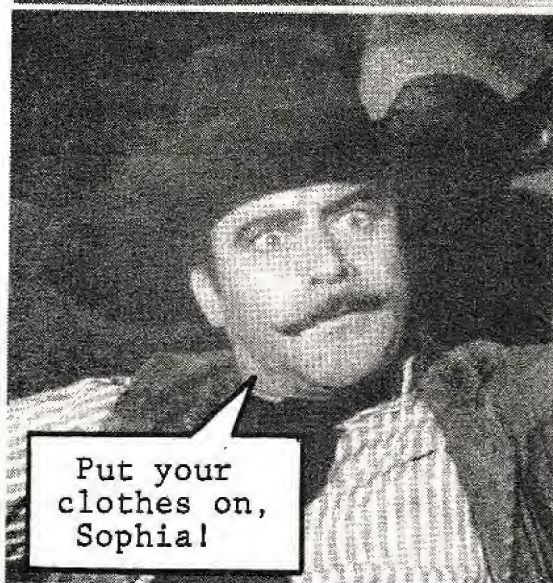
Some people
collect stamps!



It's a lovely banquet,
but I forgot to tell
them I'm Jewish!



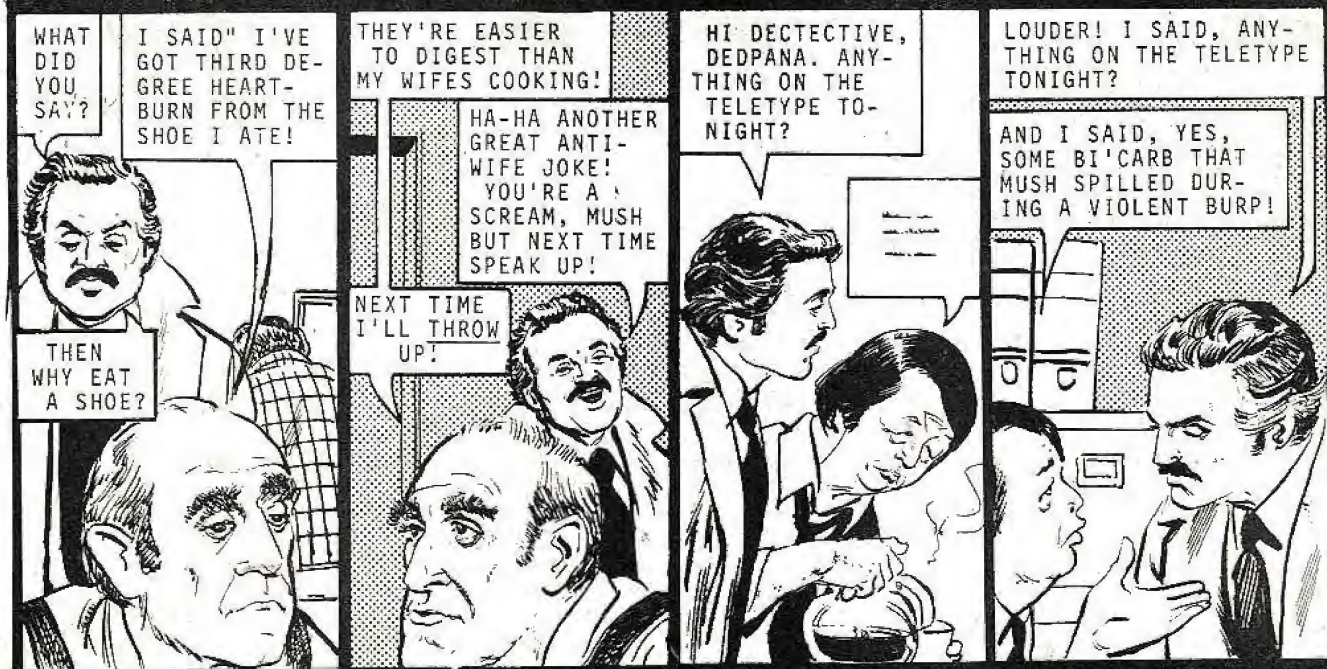
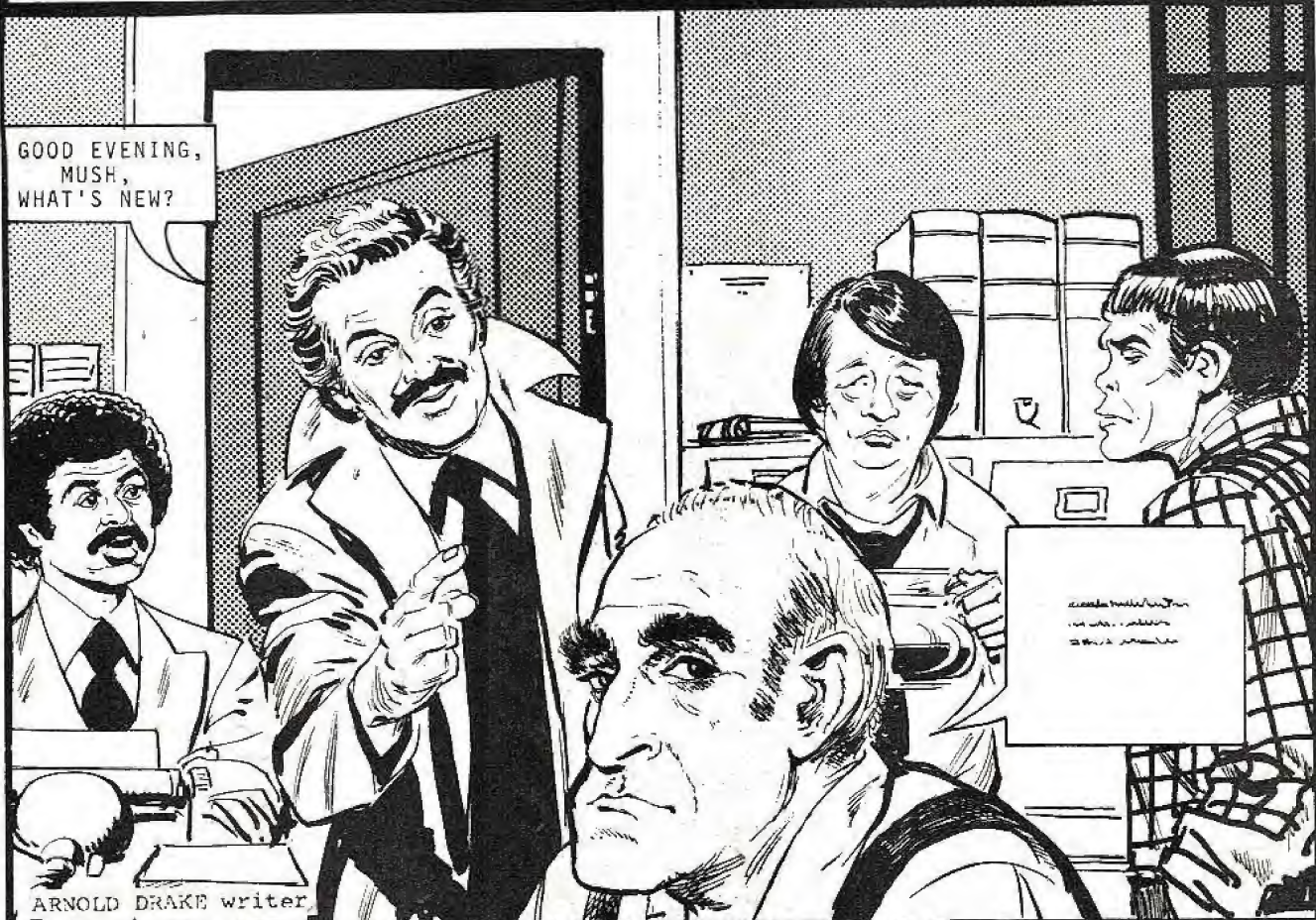
NAG!
NAG!
NAG!



Put your
clothes on,
Sophia!

BLARNEY MELLOW

YOU ALL KNOW THAT HIT POLICE COMEDY SHOW, BLARNEY MELLOW. IT'S ABOUT THAT WARM-HEARTED PRECINCT COMMANDER WHO'S MORE LIKE A JEWISH MOTHER THAN A POLICE CAPTAIN. THAT'S WHY HE SELDOM LETS HIS BOYS GO OUT ON THE STREET. BLARNEY KNOWS THERE ARE MURDERERS, ARSONISTS AND RAPISTS OUT THERE AND HE DOES NOT WANT HIS BOYS HURT. HE WANTS THEM ALL SAFE AROUND THE PRECINCT HOUSE DRINKING TERRIBLE COFFEE AND CRACKING WORSE JOKES. FORTUNATELY, WE CANNOT LET YOU TASTE THE COFFEE. BUT ---HERE COME THE JOKES!



HA-HA-HA! ANOTHER
HILARIOUS INDIGES-
TION JOKE. BUT
NEXT TIME, STOP
MUMBLING!

NEXT TIME
TAKE THE
WAX OUT OF
YOUR EARS
YOU YANK-
EE TURKEY!

NAUGHTY,
NAUGHTY!
YOU'RE
MUMBLING
AGAIN!

HI, OFFICER
YUNGANDUMBOWICZ!
ANY APB'S TONIGHT?

[Faint, illegible text in a speech bubble]

LISTEN, I KNOW OUR PRECINCT
IS FAMOUS FOR THE WAY WE
ALL UNDERPLAY OUR LINES--
LOW KEY REALITY! BUT I
CAN'T HEAR A WORD!

I SAID, WHAT'S
AN APB?

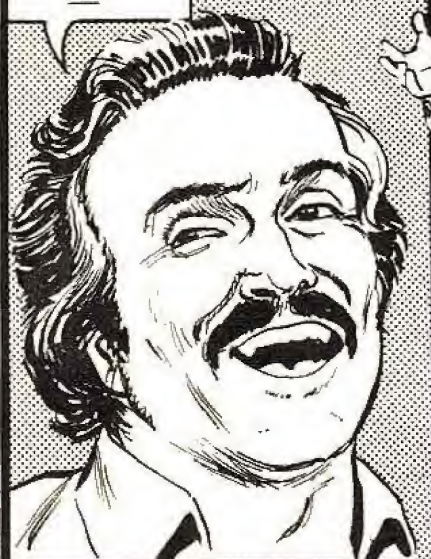
I'M SORRY
I HEARD
THAT!

AND WHO IS THAT READING THE
DRUG DEALERS DAILY? AHH,
GOOD OLD OFFICER COOLCAT!
HI!

WILL YOU
GUYS SPEAK
UP!



WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO SAY?

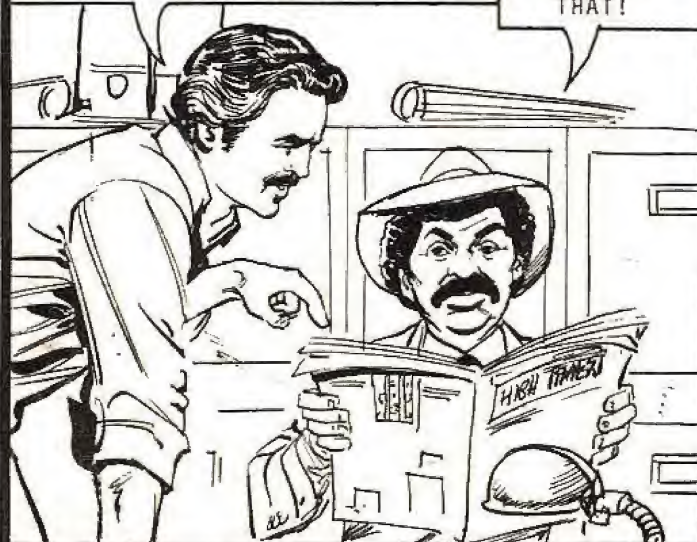


LOOK AT THE WAY YOU'RE DRESSED,
COOLCAT. ARE YOU A COP OR A
PROCURER?

OH A LITTLE
OF THIS, AND
A LITTLE OF
THAT!

AND WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
READING THAT
DRUG SHEET?

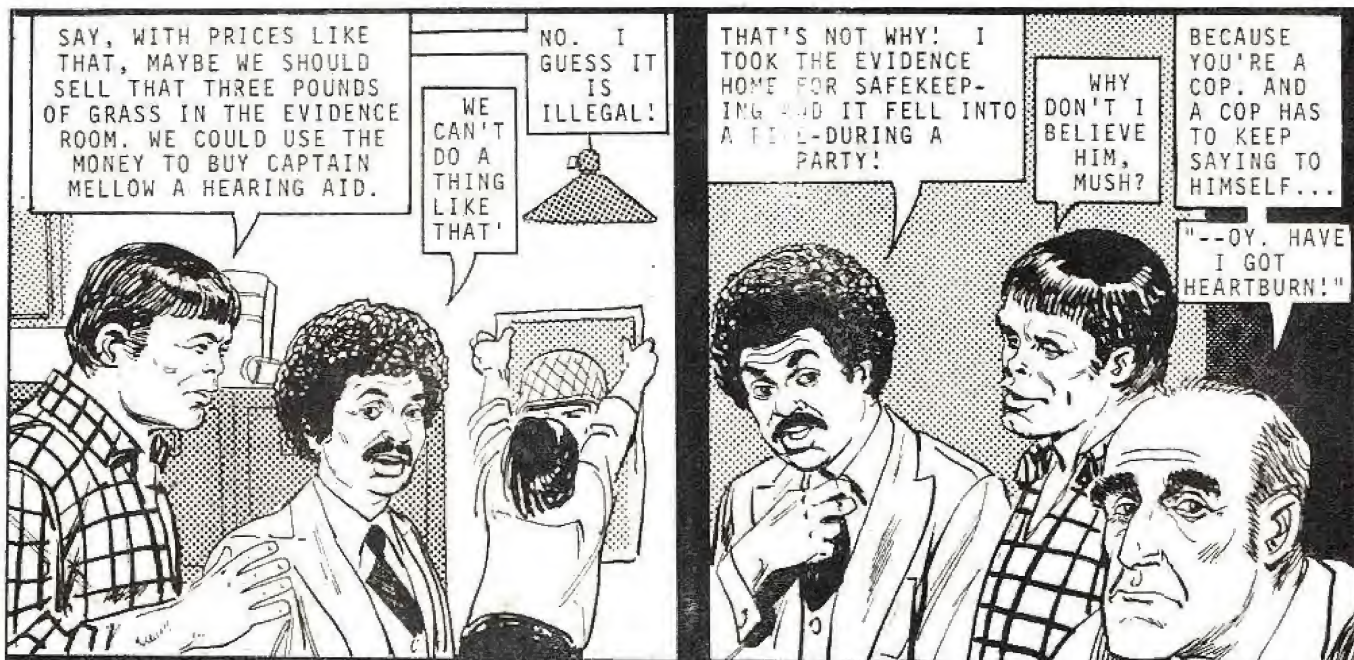
I'M LEARNING THE TACTICS OF
THE ENEMY, CAPTAIN! FOR EX-
AMPLE, DID YOU KNOW THAT
ACAPULCO GOLD IS GOING FOR
\$600 A POUND! AND COLUMBIAN
RED FOR \$750?



OKAY, GET ME SIX OUNCES OF GOLD AND FOUR
OF RED! AND SEE IF HE'S GOT ANY TWO
INCHER FIRECRACKERS FOR
THE 4TH OF JULY! THEY'RE
GETTING HARDER TO GET ALL
THE TIME!

AND THEY CALL
ME COOL!





SAY, WITH PRICES LIKE THAT, MAYBE WE SHOULD SELL THAT THREE POUNDS OF GRASS IN THE EVIDENCE ROOM. WE COULD USE THE MONEY TO BUY CAPTAIN MELLOW A HEARING AID.

WE CAN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!

NO. I GUESS IT IS ILLEGAL!

THAT'S NOT WHY! I TOOK THE EVIDENCE HOME FOR SAFEKEEPING AND IT FELL INTO A FIRE-DURING A PARTY!

WHY DON'T I BELIEVE HIM, MUSH?

BECAUSE YOU'RE A COP. AND A COP HAS TO KEEP SAYING TO HIMSELF...

"--OY. HAVE I GOT HEARTBURN!"



"--TELL ME, PROFESSOR, NANCY ASKED 'DO GHOSTS LEAVE FOOTPRINTS?'"

{GLUG!}{BURP!}
{GLUG!}{BURP!}

AMERICAN DOG, YOU DIE!
BANZAI-e-e-e!

-YEAH, SIX OUNCES OF GOLD AND FOUR OF RED, TWENTY-TWO INCHES AND A BOX OF JUJUBES! YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET THEM LITTLE SUCKERS ANYMORE!

BEG PARDON, BUT IS THERE A POLICEMAN IN THE HOUSE?



POLICEMAN? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE LOOKING AT, KID?

I KNOW WHAT I'M LOOKIN' AT! YOU'RE THE ONE KEEPS BOTHERIN' MY MOTHER WHEN MY FATHER'S AWAY! AND--

--HE'S THE ONE MAKES ME RUN HIS BETS OVER TO BENNY THE BOOKIE! AND --

--HE'S THE ONE
KEEPS MAKIN' THE
NEWSSTAND GIVE
HIM FREE DIRTY
MAGAZINES! AND--

--HE'S THE ONE SHARED HIS
LUNCH WITH MY DOG AND
KILLED HIM!

THAT'S WHAT I EAT
EVERY DAY, KID!



NO! NO!
DON'T
TELL US!

THEN WE'D
HAVE TO GO
AFTER HIM!

AND A PERSON
CAN GET
HURT
OUT
THERE.

NEVER MIND,
I'LL TELL YOU
FOR NOTHING!



WHAT'S ALL THE
COMMOTION ABOUT?
AHHHHH! HELLO THERE
SONNY BOY!

DON'T YOU SONNY-BOY
ME, YOU HONKY PIG
CAPTAIN! I JUST
SPOTTED A WANTED
BANKROBBER, AND FOR
\$50 I'LL TELL YOU
WHERE!



WE'LL PUT HIM UNDER
PROTECTIVE ARREST--
FOR HIS OWN GOOD!

YUNGANDUMBOWICZ,
THROW THE KID IN
THE TANK!



A
PLEASURE
CAPTAIN!

MMMF!
MMMF!

WHAT'S
IN---?

IT'S A SURPRISE, CAPTAIN! EVER SINCE
I FIRST HEARD YOU SAY "THROW 'EM IN
THE TANK!" I'VE WANTED TO GET YOU A
REAL ONE!

NOW WE'RE
AS GOOD
AS ANY
OTHER
PRECINCT!

SPLASH!



GLUG!
GLUG!
GLUG!



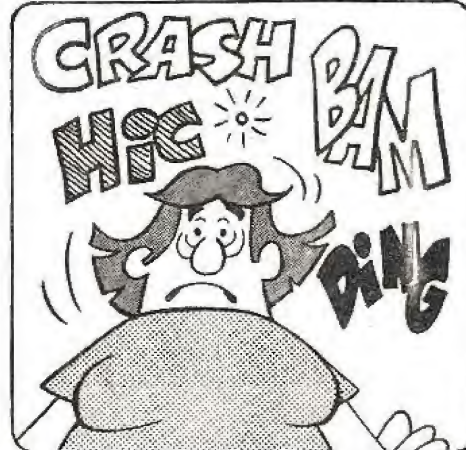
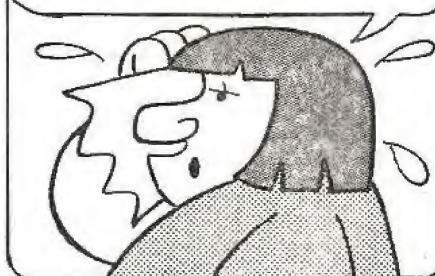
**No
way**





A
BEACON FALLS

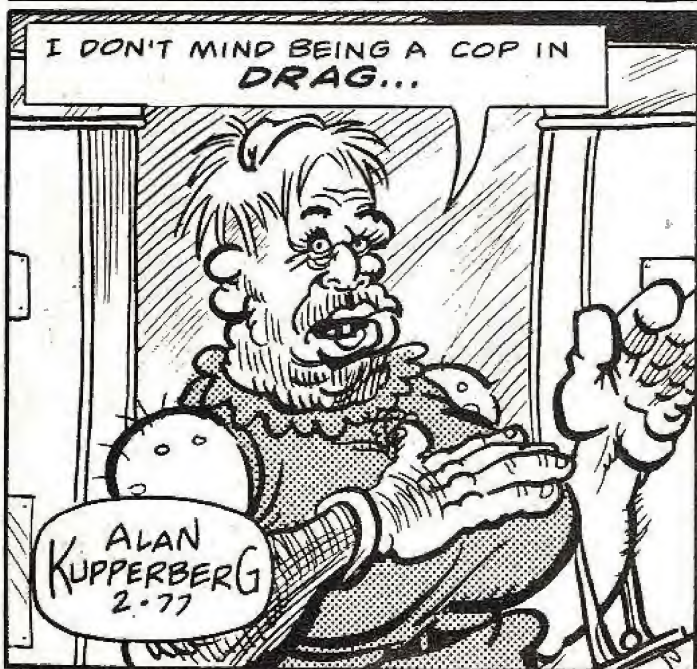
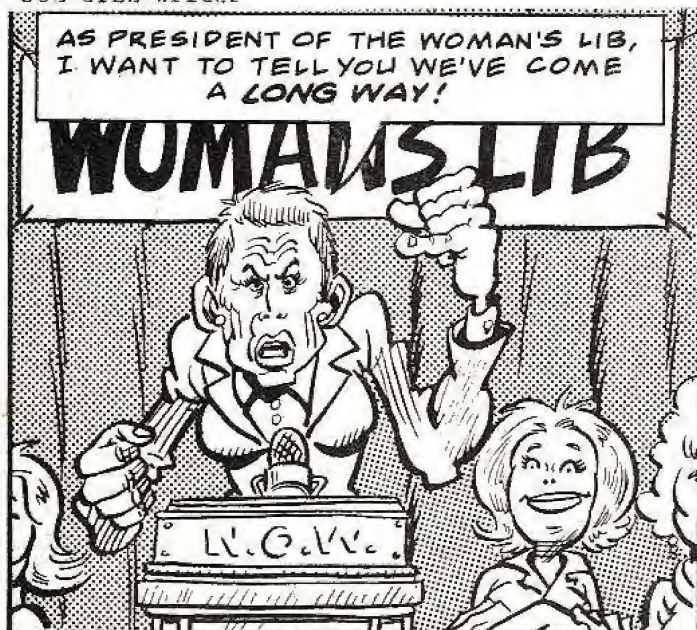
IF THAT BUM I MARRIED WOULD STAY AWAY A MONTH I'D HAVE IT SPOTLESS!



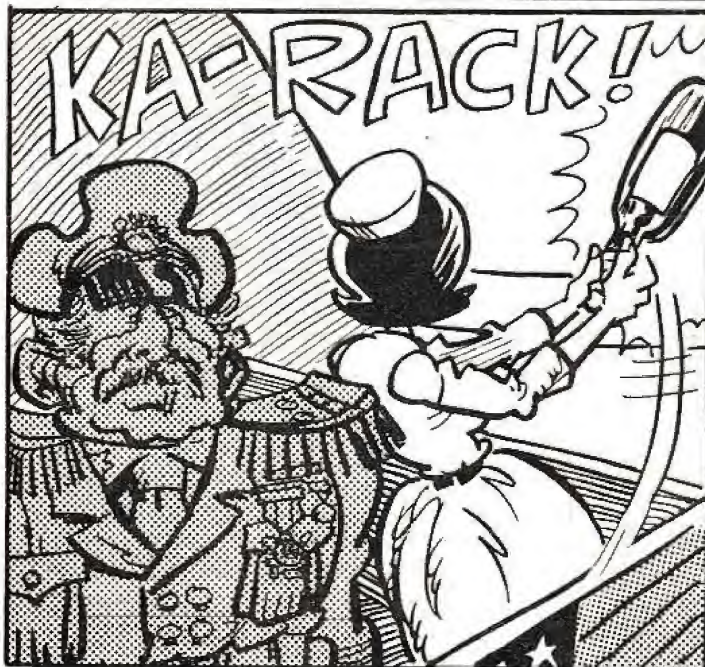
Sick is

JOE GILL writer

ALAN KUPPERBERG artist





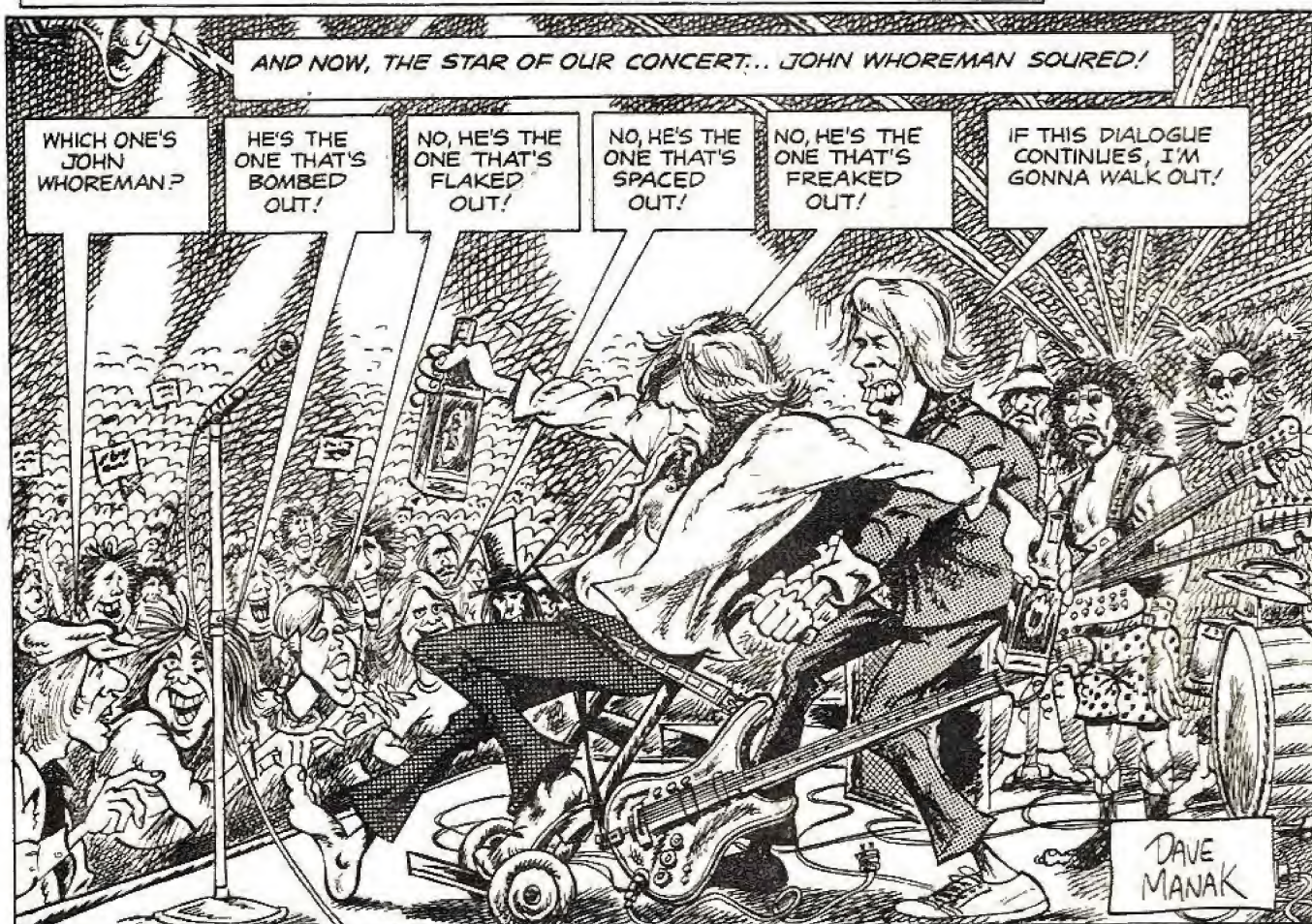


NOW IT CAN BE TOLD--THE TRUE STORY BEHIND ONE OF FILMDOM'S MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR DUDS. WHY WAS IT KEPT SUCH A DEEP, DARK SECRET? WHAT WERE THE PRODUCERS TRYING TO HIDE? WHY DID THEY ALMOST WIND UP CALLING IT...

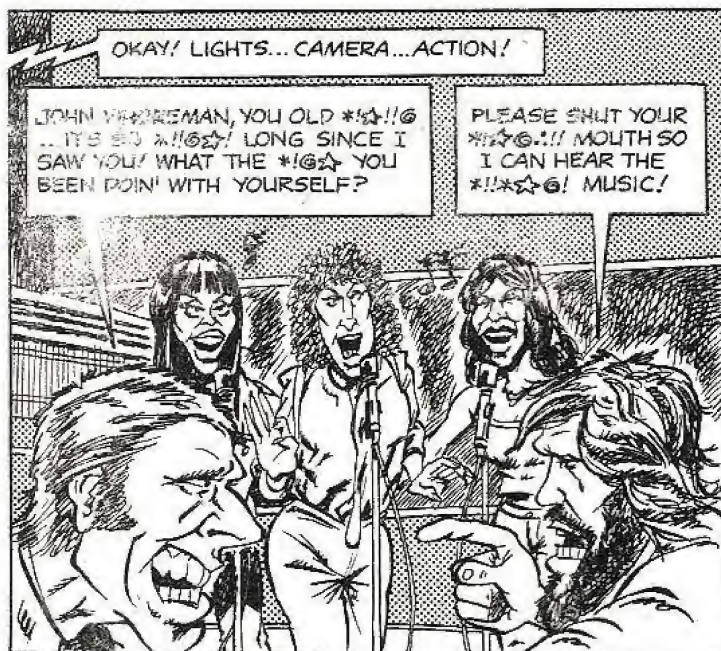
the STARS a BORE

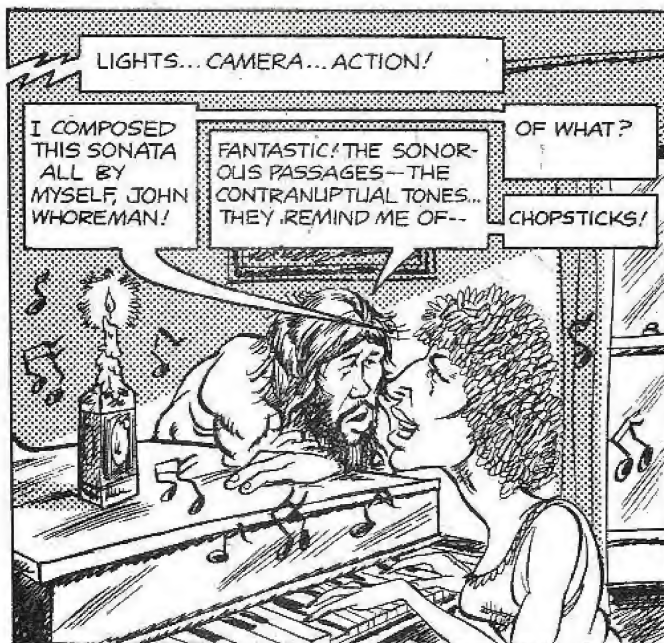
WITH BLABLA QUICKSAND AS FESTER BOFFMAN, AND
KISS KISSANYONE AS JOHN WHOREMAN SOURED

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE KASHDAN
ART BY
DAVE MANAK









LIGHTS... CAMERA... ACTION!

I COMPOSED THIS SONATA ALL BY MYSELF, JOHN WHOREMAN!

FANTASTIC! THE SONOROUS PASSAGES--THE CONTRANUPTUAL TONES... THEY REMIND ME OF--

OF WHAT?

CHOPSTICKS!

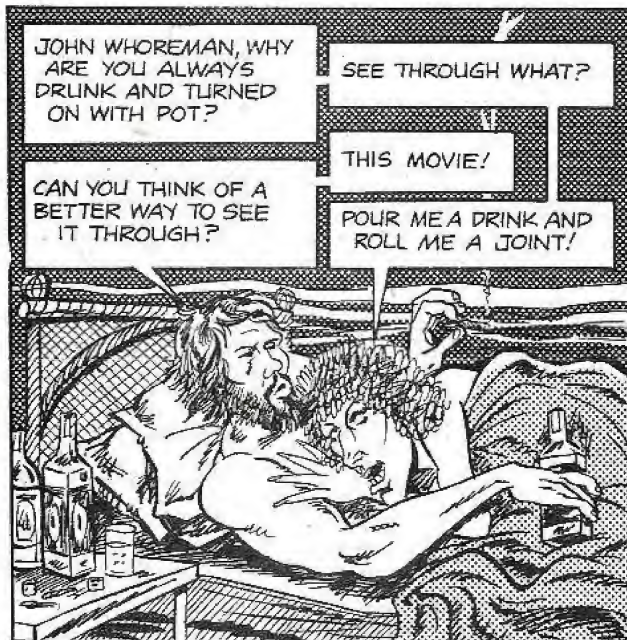


WHEEE...WHAT FUN! TOO BAD WE HAVE TO COVER OUR PRIVATES WITH FLESH-TONE TRUNKS!

LIKE WHAT?

I'D ENJOY IT MORE IF THEY COVERED SOMETHING ELSE!

YOUR FACE WITH A MASK OF FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS!



JOHN WHOREMAN, WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS DRUNK AND TURNED ON WITH POT?

SEE THROUGH WHAT?

THIS MOVIE!

POUR ME A DRINK AND ROLL ME A JOINT!

CAN YOU THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO SEE IT THROUGH?



NOW THAT I'M FAMOUS, I WANT TO MARRY YOU, JOHN WHOREMAN!

IT'LL NEVER WORK! FESTER BOFFMAN IS A STAR... JOHN WHOREMAN SOURED IS WASHED UP!

WE CAN STILL BE A TEAM! I'LL GIVE CONCERTS...YOU SWEEP UP AFTERWARDS!

THINK OF THE MONEY WE'LL SAVE!



JOHN WHOREMAN, IF YOU DON'T MARRY ME, I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ALLOWANCE!

THAT DOESN'T WORRY ME!

I'LL NEVER GO TO BED WITH YOU AGAIN!

I STILL WON'T MARRY YOU!

I'LL MAKE YOU WATCH RE-RUNS OF "FUNNY GIRL" AND "HELLO DOLLY"!

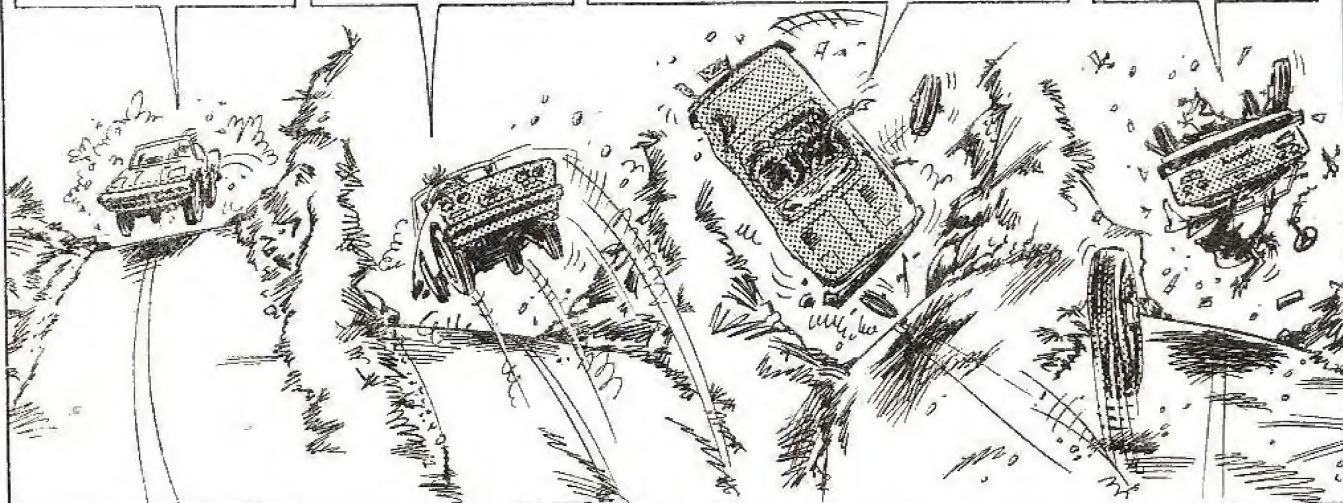
FESTER, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

FESTER DOESN'T WANT ME ANYMORE... I'M NOTHING BUT TROUBLE!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, SHE'D STILL BE A NOBODY!

I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR HER TV SPECIALS, HER MOVIE CONTRACTS! I BROUGHT HER VOICE INTO EVERY AMERICAN HOUSEHOLD!

NO WONDER THE F.B.I. WANTS ME DEAD OR ALIVE!



BOO-HOO-HOO... PLEASE DON'T HARM A HAIR ON HIS BEAUTIFUL HEAD!

OR A THREAD ON HIS UGLY JEANS-- TILL I CAN CHECK HIS POCKETS FOR LOOSE CHANGE!



CUT! THAT WAS GREAT, BLABLA! NO ONE WILL EVER GUESS THAT YOU WOUND UP PLAYING EVERY ROLE!

NOT EVERY ROLE, BOOBY! WE STILL HAVE TO SHOOT THE FINAL SCENE!

BLABLA! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

TRY ME!

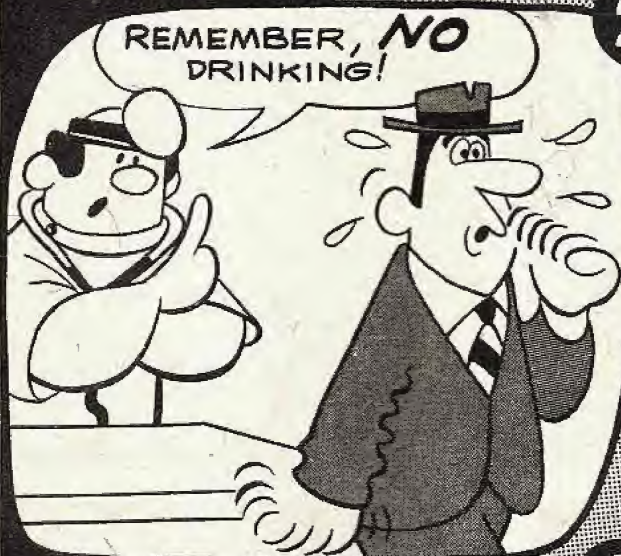


AND NOW WE PRESENT--
FESTER BOFFMAN SOURED!



END

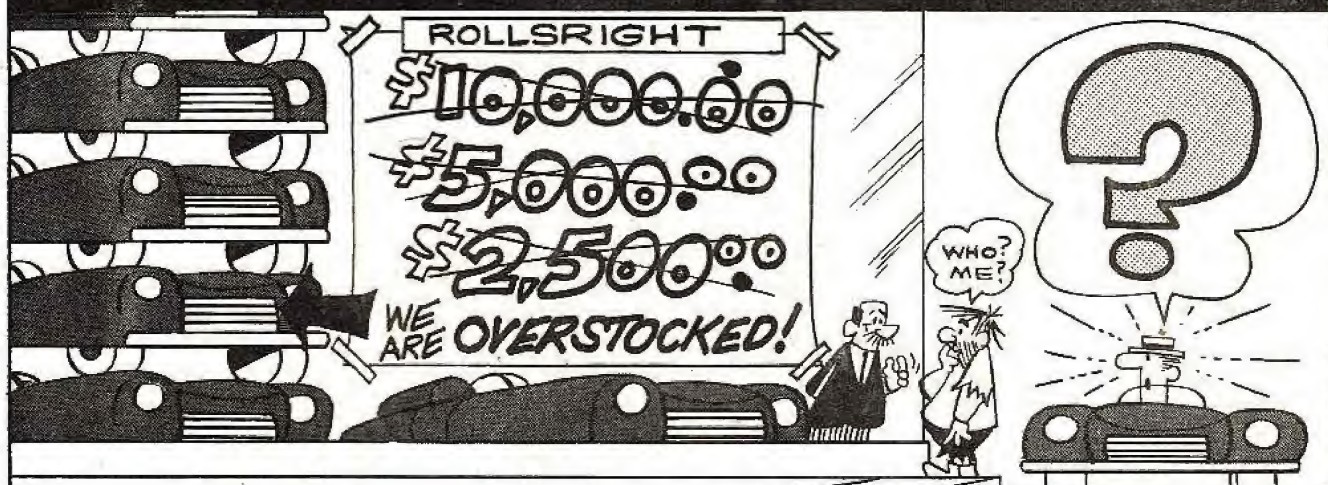
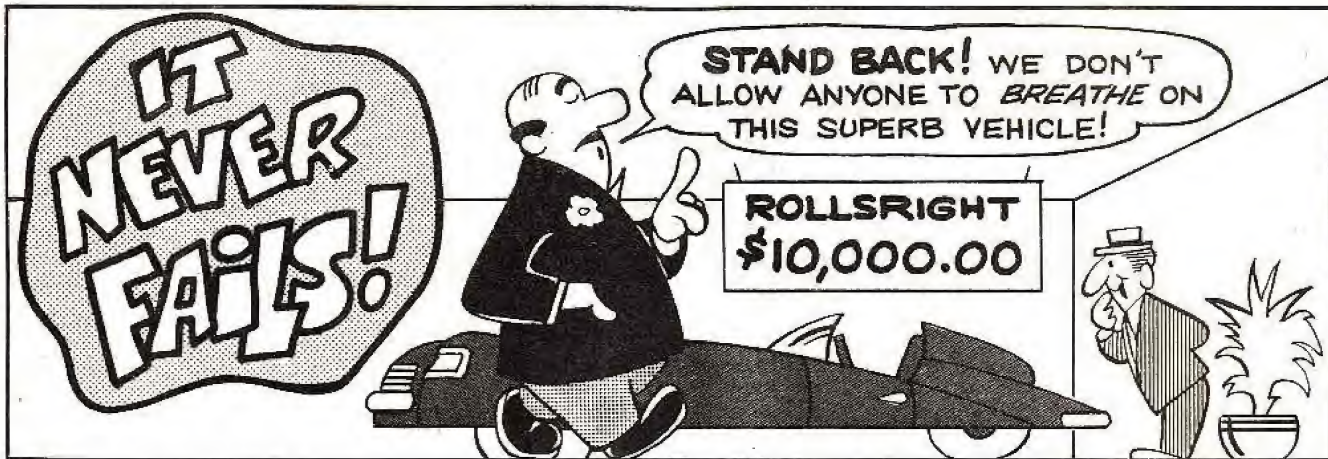
IT NEVER FAILS!



JOE GILL writer

IT NEVER fails!





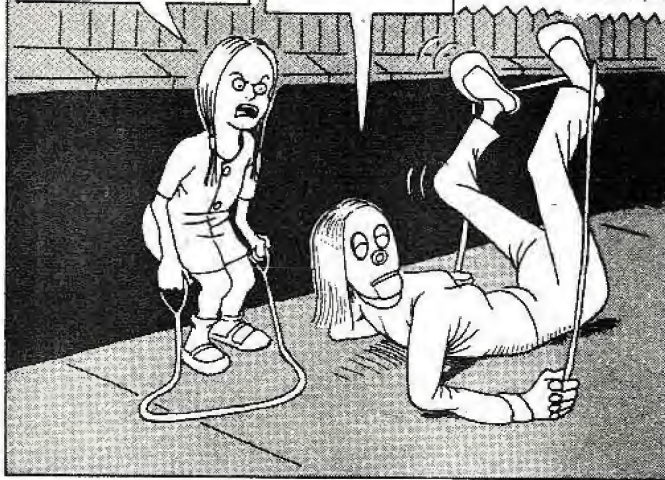
BOYS! GIRLS! BE THE FIRST KIDS ON YOUR SERVO-MECHO INDUSTRIES, MAKERS OF U.S. ARMY KILLER-MISSILE-9, U.S. NAVY SOUND-HOMING ATOMIC TORPEDO-5, AND U.S. AIRFORCE SEEK- AND-BURN-A-VILLAGE NAPALM BOMB-7, RATHER THAN SHUT DOWN DURING THIS RECENT OUTBURST OF WORLD PEACE, HAS CREATED

NOW YOU CAN TEACH YOUR DUMB PARENTS ALL
THE STUFF YOU'RE SO GOOD AT!

OH, YOU
CLUMSY COW!
CAN'T YOU LEARN
ANYTHING?
YOU'RE THE
DUMBEST MOMMA
ON THE BLOCK!

I'M SORRY!
HONEST! BUT
IT'S BEEN SO
LONG SINCE
I JUMPED
ROPE.

LOOK HOW
EASILY I DO
IT! I SWEAR
YOU WOULDN'T
BELIEVE YOU
WERE MY
OWN MOTHER!



STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR ELECTRONIC DAD WITH
THE KIND OF STIFF DISCIPLINE HE NEEDS!

BAWWW! WHY
CAN'T I GO OUT
AND PLAY WITH
THE OTHER
FATHERS AT
THE BOWLING
ALLEY?

WHY? BECAUSE
YOU PLAYED
HOOKEY FROM
THE OFFICE
TODAY, IS WHY!
DON'T LIE TO ME
...YOUR BOSS
CALLED AND
ME SO!

NOW
SHUT
UP AND
DRINK
YOUR
MARTINI!



MAKE YOUR PARENTS SHOULDER
THEIR RESPONSIBILITIES!

WHY CAN'T I
GO ON BEING
DEN MOTHER
AT MY
GIRL SCOUT
TROOP?

WHY? DID
YOU DARN MY
SOCKS? NO!
DID YOU
BAKE MY
COOKIES? NO!
DID YOU
MAKE NEW
BEDSPREAD
RUFFLES FOR
ME? NO!

YOU'VE GOT TIME
FOR EVERY KID
ON THE BLOCK
EXCEPT YOUR
OWN! NOW GO
TO YOUR ROOM!
I'M TAKING
AWAY YOUR
BIRTH CONTROL
PILLS FOR A
WEEK!



AND TRY YOUR HAND AT SOME SOUL-SATISFYING
PUBLIC HUMILIATION!

LOOK AT THAT, YOU
SILLY MOTHER!
DID I TELL YOU
TO BRING THE
SHOPPING CART?
BUT, NO, YOU
WERE TOO LAZY
TO UNLOAD THE
LAUNDRY!

NOW
GET
DOWN
ON ALL
FOURS
AND
PICK
IT UP!

OH,
LET
ME
HELP
HER!

NO!
THANKS,
LITTLE GIRL,
BUT SHE
MUST
LEARN
FOR
HERSELF!



BILL BURKE artist

BLOCK TO OWN YOUR OWN PARENTS!

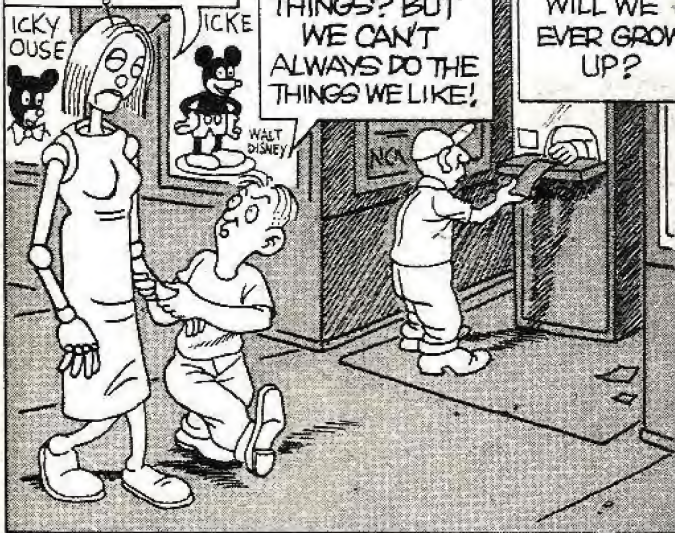
THE LATEST THING IN ELECTRONIC SERVANTS—THE ROBOT PARENT!
AND NOW IT CAN BE YOURS, TO TEACH, PUNISH, HUMILIATE AND
GENERALLY PUT DOWN, JUST THE WAY YOU FEEL YOUR NATURAL
PARENTS DID YOU! *ISN'T THAT KEEN?*

LEARN THE JOY OF RAISING YOUR PARENTS
CULTURAL LEVEL!

PLEASE, SON,
I HATE DISNEY
MOVIES!
CAN'T WE GO
TO AN OPERA
OR A MUSEUM?

OF COURSE YOU
HATE DISNEY
MOVIES! DO
YOU THINK I
LIKE THOSE
ICKY-STICKY
THINGS? BUT
WE CAN'T
ALWAYS DO THE
THINGS WE LIKE!

WE HAVE
TO DO
HORRIBLE,
AWFUL, DULL
THINGS, TOO!
HOW ELSE
WILL WE
EVER GROW
UP?



HELP KEEP A PROTECTIVE EYE ON
THEIR DIETS!

FRANKS,
BURGERS AND
FRENCH FRIES
AGAIN? HOW
ABOUT SOME
RUTTABAGA
AND TURNIPS
AND COLLARD
GREENS AND
SQUASH?

GRIBE! GRIBE!
GRIBE! DIDN'T
YOU HAVE
SPINACH TWO
WEEKS AGO?
THINK YOU CAN
LIVE ON
NOTHING BUT
GREEN AND
YELLOW
VEGETABLES
?

HOW'RE YOU
GOING TO BE A
PAUNCHY MIDDLE-
AGED MAN
WITHOUT GREASE
AND FATTY
MEATS AND
DOUBLE
DESSERTS?
OH, YOU'LL BE
THE DEATH
OF ME!

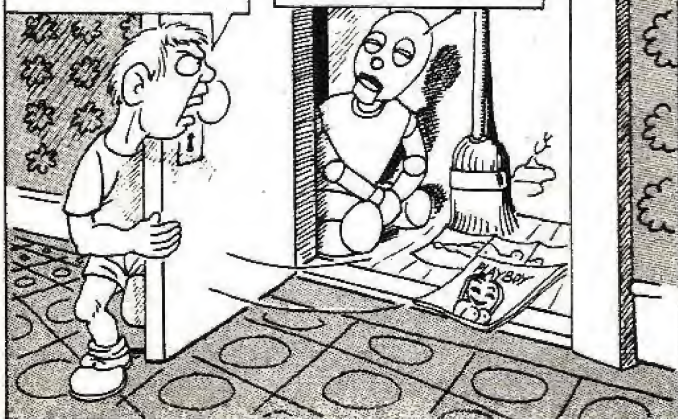


AND KEEP THEM FROM DIRTY THINGS!

YOU'RE IN THE
VACUUM CLEANER
CLOSET AGAIN.
AREN'T YOU?
DON'T TELL ME
YOU'RE NOT
DOING
ANYTHING!
YOU'RE PLAYING
WITH...

YOUR REMOTE RELAY
CIRCUITS AGAIN!
DON'T YOU KNOW
YOU'LL LOSE YOUR
VISUAL-RESPONSE
SENSORS FROM
DOING THAT?
YES, YOU'LL GO
BLIND AND CRAZY!

AND
THAT'S
NOT
COVERED
BY YOUR
WARRANTY,
YOU
DIRTY
FATHER!



IF YOU RESPOND AT ONCE BY SENDING
\$17,000,000 IN CASH OR COFFEE, PREFERABLY
COFFEE, YOU'LL GET OUR LATEST SERVO-MECH
PET, REXO-THE-ROBOT-DOG. REXO IS HOUSE-
BROKEN TO ONLY GO ON SAND PAPER. BUT,
AT A COMMAND FROM YOU, HE WILL WET THE
CAR TIRES OF PEOPLE YOU HATE; DO HIS
DOODY (SIX PLASTIC WRAPPED BOLTS AND
ONE NUT) ON ANY LAWN YOU SPECIFY, AND
CHASE THE MOTORIZED LAWN MOWER OF
YOUR CHOICE! SO HURRY! (NAME OF
ELECTRONIC-VETERINARIAN SUPPLIED
ON REQUEST!

KLANG! WOOF!
KLANG! BOW-WOW!

WHIRRR! HELP!
WHIRRR!



ARNOLD DRAKE writer

WHAT HAPPENED TO
DOCTOR KROAKER?
THE WORLD'S
GREATEST PLASTIC
SURGEON!

HE JUST
REMOVED THE
BANDAGES
FROM SICK
MAGAZINE'S
MASCOT
HUCKLEBERRY
FINK!

I
SEE!

HE
WISHES
HE
HADN'T!



**SUBSCRIBE TO SICK NOW AND FACE THE BARE FACTS ...
HUCKLEBERRY FINK, BOWING TO READER DEMANDS, IS
HAVING A FACE LIFT. ONLY IN SICK WILL THIS HAPPEN.
SUBSCRIBE NOW ... DON'T MISS AN ISSUE.**

SICK

SICK, DEPT. S877
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418

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Canada add 25% - Foreign 50%

Name.....
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A SICK BONUS!

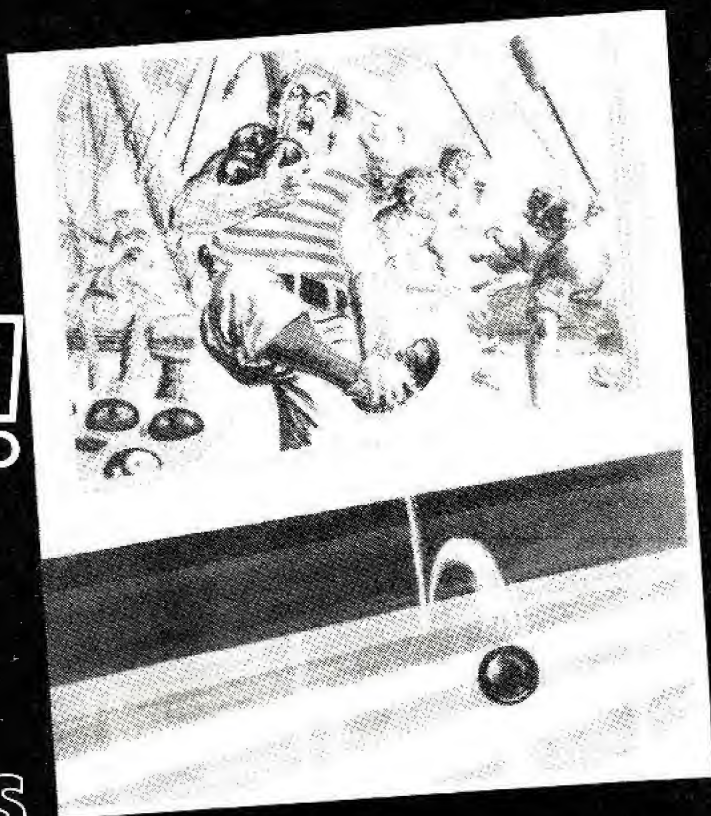
SAVE SAVE
SICK'S
BACK COVERS

ooo ooo ooo

START YOUR
OWN "ART
GALLERY"

ooo ooo ooo

PROVE
CULTURE IS
CURABLE!





Jack Sparling